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— 12 MARKET SQUARE —

REGULAR MEETING CITY GOVERNMENT

Aldermen Vote to Purchase
Police Patrol Wagon.

Water Commissioner Philbrick Resigns
and City Solicitor Kelley Appointed
to Fill the Vacancy.

The regular meeting of the board of mayor and aldermen was held on Thursday evening with Mayor Tilton in the chair and the following members present: Aldermen Hoyt, Brown, Bates, Borthwick, Yeaton, Hallam, Gray and Conlig.

The records of last meeting were read and approved.

A communication from J. K. Bates and others asking that South road be widened, was read by the clerk and on motion of Ald. Hoyt a hearing was ordered to be held on Monday afternoon, Feb 27th, at 4:30 o'clock, on the premises.

A petition of J. W. Kelley and others, requesting the city to put Willard avenue in a passable condition was referred to the committee on streets.

A petition of the New England Telegraph and Telephone company for permission to locate new poles for their line on New Vaughan street and Maplewood avenue to the Newington line, was granted under the restrictions that it be done under the direction and to the satisfaction of the committee on streets.

Petition of Stephen Goodwin and other residents on Newcastle avenue, for a sewer through that thoroughfare, was referred to the committee on laying out and widening streets and repairing drains.

A petition of Francis Langdon and others requesting the board of water commissioners was read and on motion of Ald. Yeaton was accepted.

It was then voted to proceed to ballot to fill the vacancy. On motion of Ald. Bates, Ald. Hoyt was authorized to cast one ballot for John W. Kelley to serve out the unexpired term of Mr. Philbrick.

A joint order authorizing the mayor to transfer a strip of land at the city's gravel pit on South street to Herman A. Brackett was read and on motion of Ald. Yeaton passed its first reading.

This strip of land in question is in payment for damages claimed by Mr. Brackett for the city's encroaching on his property adjoining the gravel pit.

The rules were then suspended and the resolution passed through its several readings and sent to be engrossed.

Ald. Hoyt then called attention to a strip of land on Columbia street, belonging to the city, which could be exchanged for a similar strip on the property owned by Hon. Frank Jones, which would straighten that street. On a motion from the alderman the city solicitor was authorized to draw up all necessary papers to make the transaction, it being understood that there would be no money transaction in the exchange.

On motion of Ald. Yeaton it was voted to authorize the city solicitor to execute the deeds and draw up the necessary papers.

Ald. Hallam for the special committee to whom the matter of unpaid bills for bands, contracted at the reception to the Guantanamo marines, last summer, was referred, recommended that the matter be referred to the committee on claims with power. On motion of Ald. Yeaton the report was accepted and the recommendation adopted.

Ald. Hallam for the special committee or the police patrol wagon and ambulance, reported that the committee were unanimously in favor of the same and the clerk read specifications from the Abbott Downing Co., of Concord, on a special combination wagon costing complete \$375, or with rubber tires \$440.

Ald. Yeaton asked if the committee had any plan in mind for keeping and running the wagon after they got it and was told that a majority of the committee were in favor of keeping it at the livery stables where it would always be ready almost at a moment's warning.

On motion of Ald. Hallam the committee were authorized to purchase the combination wagon.

Ald. Gray introduced the following

resolution and moved its adoption:

Be it resolved by the City Councils

That his Honor, Mayor Tilton, be and is hereby directed to send in behalf of the City Councils an invitation to Rear Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., to be the guest of the city of Portsmouth on his arrival in this section of the United States.

The same alderman then introduced another joint resolution as follows:

Be it ordained by the City Councils

SECTION 1. There shall be and is hereby created in the city treasurer's department a fund which shall be known as the cemetery fund, which shall be held by the city in trust for keeping the graves and burial lots in good order of those, who may be interred in any of the cemeteries of this city.

SECTION 2. Any person shall have the benefit of this fund for the above purpose, who shall by personal gift or by will bequeath to the city any amount of money to be held in trust as aforesaid, and the interest of same, or such part thereof, as shall be deemed necessary for such repairs, as aforesaid, shall be expended annually under the direction of the executive officer of the city.

SECTION 3. The board of mayor and aldermen shall from time to time designate the kind of securities or name of bond in which said donations shall be invested, but in all cases it shall be of securities which said city shall issue, and shall also designate from time to time the amount of interest which shall be paid on such donations.

On motion of Ald. Gray it passed its first reading and was referred to the committee on bills on second reading on motion of Ald. Yeaton.

On motion of Ald. Bates it was voted that the committee on street lights have the power to change the location of the incandescent electric lights in the vicinity of the corner of Broad and South streets to the Broad street extension and to place an arc light on the corner of Miller avenue and South street, near the cemetery.

Ald. Yeaton called the board's attention to the condition of the Broad street extension and moved that the committee on streets be authorized to grade that thoroughfare. The motion passed by a unanimous vote.

The resignation of Frank J. Philbrick from the board of water commissioners was read and on motion of Ald. Yeaton was accepted.

It was then voted to proceed to ballot to fill the vacancy. On motion of Ald. Bates, Ald. Hoyt was authorized to cast one ballot for John W. Kelley to serve out the unexpired term of Mr. Philbrick.

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Ald. Yeaton called the board's attention to the numerous cables for telegraph and telephone wires that were stretched across the Parade and moved that the city solicitor be asked as to the proper way to have them removed. He also moved that the city clerk be directed to request the New England Tele-

graph and Telephone company to remove the cable recently stretched across the Parade unauthorized by the city

council. Both motions were passed unanimously.

Ald. Gray asked the city auditor to give the balances of the several appropriations which were unexpended during the past year. After a careful examination it was computed that the present local administration had saved some \$19,000 during the year, which was extremely gratifying to the members of the board.

Ald. Hallam asked if the mayor had taken any action towards getting the Boston & Maine railroad to put gates at the Creek crossing. He was told that a communication had been sent to the railroad officials, but no answer had been received further than that they would look into the matter.

Ald. Hallam then moved that unless the road took some immediate action in the matter that the same be laid before the railroad commissioners.

Ald. Gray offered an amendment by adding the Vaughan street crossing, which was accepted by Ald. Hallam.

The motion then passed without a dissenting voice.

No further business coming up the board adjourned to the next regular meeting.

CITY BRIEFS

The country roads are badly drifted. People were glad to remain at home last evening.

The Unknown Four give their poverty party this evening.

Great bargains at Alkon's on Saturday next, before stock taking.

Alkon will give with every pound of tea on Saturday next, a 4 qt., gray etamine covered sauce pan.

The police officers are much pleased over the fact that the board of aldermen voted to buy a patrol wagon.

The Rockingham Athletic club has leased Philbrick's hall for a sparing exhibition on the evening of the 17th.

Many of the milkmen drove in from the country this morning behind a pair of horses, owing to the drifted condition of the roads.

Next Sunday is the last one before Lent, and the rules and regulations governing this period will be read at all the Catholic churches.

While moving the large cranes at the power house on Noble's Island on Thursday a guy slipped and a bad accident was narrowly averted.

The ball of the Cooper's International Union will be held this evening at Philbrick's hall. Hannaford, the florist, has been busy today with the decorations. A good time is assured.

Chief of Police Fletcher of Farmington was in town Thursday morning on detective work connected with a case which happened recently in his town.

Mrs. Prescott of Newington, who owns the land where the big eagle has made his home for three winters, is very indignant because two Dover sportsmen attempted to shoot it Monday. She has posted notices that she will prosecute anyone who discharges firearms on her land.

Mrs. Brown, wife of Ald. Ashbell S. Brown, and Mrs. George H. Joy, left on Thursday on a visit to friends in Boston and Salem, Mass.

Walter M. Sawyer, who has been very ill for several weeks with typhoid fever is improving rapidly and on Thursday was able to sit up.

Mr. William M. Sanborn, assistant superintendent of the northern division of the Boston and Maine Central railroad was here on Thursday.

Mr. Louis Schwarz went to Boston on Thursday to meet a niece who arrived from New York that day to visit him and Mrs. Schwarz at their home in this city.

Rev. Theodore J. Holmes and wife arrived here on Thursday evening from Newton Centre, Mass., to visit their daughter, Mrs. E. Scott Owen, Summer street.

The friends of Capt. and Mrs. Campbell of the Salvation army will be glad to hear that their little child who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is somewhat better.

The marriage of Mr. Frank E. Carrigan to Miss Susie E. Potts, occurred at the North church parsonage on Wednesday evening. Rev. Lucius H. Thayer performed the ceremony.

Cornelius Murphy and Catherine Crowley were united in marriage Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. E. M. O'Callaghan performing the ceremony.

— TRACKS BLOCKED —

A car from York got stalled near Bragdon's corner at York last evening and the passengers were distributed among the neighboring farm houses. The York end of the electric line is completely blocked today and a big force of men are at work trying to clear the tracks.

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

PERSONALS.

Col A. F. Howard passed Friday in Boston.

Miss Mary Garland passed Thursday in Boston.

Judge E. H. Adams passed Thursday in Exeter on business.

Mr. H. S. Butterfield of Dover, was a visitor here on Thursday.

Miss Nina Parker returned Thursday from a visit to friends in Boston.

Mrs. Fred H. Ward is recovering from a severe attack of la grippe.

Samuel T. Drew, formerly of the town was a visitor in town today.

Chief Engineer W. G. Bushler, U. S. N., has returned from Philadelphia.

Miss Mignon B. Green returned on Thursday from a few days visit to Boston.

Edward D. Smith and Andrew Brennan of Dover were in town on Thursday.

At the meeting of Constitution Lodge, No. 88, K. of P. a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the lodge, which will take place some time next week. The committees are hard at work and propose to make the affair a grand success.

Last night was a bitter cold one, and the mercury registered all the way from six to twelve below zero this morning at seven o'clock. The high wind that prevailed all night made it a great deal more disagreeable, and those who were out on the water had a tough night to encounter.

The river is full of ice and all the vessels are iced up, and some of them present the appearance of a floating iceberg.

Geo. H. Rowe of Boston was in town yesterday on business.

Edward Bowden is confined to his home at the Lower village with a severe cold.

Tonight Olive Branch Commandery, No. 222, have installation of officers, and supper. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

The milkmen were all late yesterday in making their rounds, and did not get out until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Harry H. Cook reports the roads in a bad condition.

Mrs. B. F. Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Moses, were the guests of friends in Kittery on Thursday.

Mrs. Jacob Patch of Kittery is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Briard, in Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Nellie Rogers entertained a party of friends at her home on Islington street on Thursday evening.

Mr. Percy Rowe, clerk at hotel Thordike, Haverhill, Mass., was here on Wednesday calling on old friends.

Mrs. B. F. Lombard and her mother, Mrs. Wilson, were the guests of Miss Agnes Norton of Kittery on Thursday.

Mrs. George F

A BRAVE OFFICER

STANDS AMID FLYING BULLETS AND USES HIS FIELD GLASSES.

A LONELY COLORED SOLDIER ARRESTED IN THE MEMORIAL OF SOME OF HIS CIVILIAN—A BRAVE BOY WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD BUT DIDN'T FLINCH.

IN A COR ALONGSIDE OF POST WAS ANOTHER SEVENTY-FOURTH BOY, GEORGE J. HANLON, OF COMPANY D, A FEVER PATIENT ALSO. MOST IMPRESSIVE, TO MY MOTION, WAS HIS STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY IN JULY 1ST, WHEN HE REACHED THE TOP OF SAN JUAN HILL.

"My company got mixed up," said Hanlon, "in the charge, and I pushed on with the Thirteenth regulars. When we reached the top some of us took shelter in a blockhouse and began firing from there at the opposite hills. There wasn't one of the enemy in sight, unless you count dead ones, so we blazed away at nothing at all for a while. But they had us dead in range, and it was no dream the way their bullets played around us."

"One of the bravest things I saw in the war happened right here. An officer came up—he was a major of regulars. I don't know his regiment—and he saw we didn't know what to aim at and were getting a little rattled. So what did he do but quickly walk out in front of the block house, where the Major's were coming thick and fast, and proceed to study the hills with his field-glasses, just as unconcerned as you please. And every now and then he would call to us who were inside: 'Men, fix your sights at eight hundred yards and sweep the grass of the ridge of the hill.' Or again: 'Men, I can see Spaniards over there; try a thousand-yard range and see if you can't get some of them. Fire low.' I never saw such nerve as that officer had; he'd have stirred courage in anybody."

" Didn't he get hit?" I asked.

"I'll tell you about that in a minute, but while he was out there, shaking hands with death, you might say, I was witness to a little incident in the blockhouse that is worth telling about. A lot of us were in there from different regiments, some from the Thirteenth, some from the Sixteenth, and some colored boys from the Twenty-fourth. We were all blazing away through the firing-openings in the walls.

"Just beside me was a big nigger who didn't seem more than half interested in what he was doing. I saw him pull a dead Spaniard out of the door with a listless movement, and then pick up his rifle as if he thought the whole thing a bore. Suddenly a bullet came in with a zip along the under side of his gun-barrel, glanced against the strap, and took the skin off the nigger's knuckles as if they'd been scraped with a knife. And then you should have seen the change! He wasn't scared, not a bit; but he was mad enough to have charged the whole Spanish army alone. How he did swear—not loud, but just quietly to himself—and how he just quietly to himself and began to shoot!"

"Speaking of cartridges, some of the boys ran short because they had thrown away a lot in their baver-sucks; but I had put two belts in a pair of socks and pinned them inside my shirt with safety-pins. So I had plenty. And I was pepperin' away from behind a brick chimney when one of the Thirteenth had called out to me: 'Come over here, Seventy-one; I've got a fine shot for you.'

"I looked around and saw him standing by a window that was barred with iron, but had no sash to it. He was kneeling on the floor, just showing his head over the sill and looking at the Spanish line. He was a mere-looking lad not a day over twenty-one, and his face was smooth as a girl's.

"'All right,' said I, going over to him; 'where's your shot?'

"There," said he, pointing to one of the holes; "nobody's fired at that one yet, but I'm sure the dagos are there. Set your sights at six hundred yards and we'll try it together."

"So I fixed my sights and we both fired out the window with our rifles resting on the ledge. As I drew back I saw there was something queer with the boy, and noticed a splash of red on the lob of his ear, just like a coral bead."

"Did they wing you?" I asked, and even as I spoke he staggered against the wall and turned around so that I saw him full in the face. There was a hole in the other side, just at the cheekbone, that I could have put my finger in. He had been shot clean through the head.

"Poor chap," I said, and lifted him over behind the chimney, where I had been. He didn't speak. I left him there and went to the door, thinking that I might see a Red Cross nurse somewhere about. And sure enough, there was one bending over a man stretched on the ground. It was the major who had been giving us the ranges.

"Is he hurt bad?" I asked.

"The Red Cross man had the major's shirt open, looking at his wound. 'He's shot through the heart,' he said.

"Can you get in here a minute when you come in here with him? There's a Thirteenth boy just been hit."

"Hit where?"

"In the head."

"Hold him by the jowls," he said, "until I come." So I held him by the jowls, and then he spoke for the first time, and what he said was this: "Say, Seventy-one, I done my duty, didn't I?"

"I told him he did."

"I had my face toward 'em when they got me, didn't I?"

"Sure you did."

"Well, he went on, quite cheerful like. 'I may get through this, and if I do I'll have another crack at 'em. But if I don't, why, I ain't got no kick comin', for there'll be others to stay here with me.'

"That was the last I saw of him. For the Red Cross man came in then and I went back to my firing. He was a game boy, though, wasn't he?"

The Reason, Jabez—Did your fadder approve of our outfit, Rachel?

Rachel—I told him dot you took all kind with interest.

HE TOOK THE ADVICE.

Concluded to Be a Leader and Surprised His Father.

The boy had got into trouble and the old gentleman had taken him to talk to it with considerable severity. "I just followed the other boys," he pleaded, "and did what they did."

"That's worse than no excuse at all," returned the old gentleman. "That indicates that you haven't any independence or individuality. I want you to lead and not to follow. The leaders are the people who come in this world, and I want you to be a leader. I never want to hear again that you have followed the other boys into trouble."

The boy promised that he would follow this advice and results showed that he lived up to his promise. When he was next before his father was getting into trouble his face was wreathed with smile.

"It's all right this time," he said. "All right this time," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Why, it's worse than ever. According to the complaints coming in from the neighbors you have been up to more mischief in the last two days than ever before."

"But I don't follow anybody," protested the boy. "I led."

"Worse and worse," returned the old gentleman.

"Why, you said you wanted me to be a leader," asserted the boy.

"What has that to do with all this devilry?"

"Everything," answered the boy. "There ain't but one way to be a lead er that I know of."

"And what is it?"

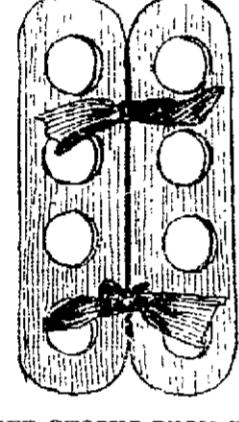
"Why, to size up which way the crowd's going to go and then travel a little faster than any one else in that direction."

The old gentleman stopped in his search for the cane he had intended to use, and which the boy had care fully hidden. His eyes opened wide with astonishment, and he gasped once or twice before he was able to speak.

"That boy," he said at last, more to himself than any one else, "is born to go into politics and there's no use trying to whale it out of him."

Finger Stocks for School Children.

In the old Dame's schools in country districts, even so late as 50 or 60 years ago, there was always kept on the desk, side by side with the birch, a pair of finger stocks. As the children went up in turn to the desk to repeat their lessons, they were each obliged to put on these stocks.



FINGER STOCKS FROM WALES.

The hands were placed behind the back, and the four fingers of each hand inserted in the holes. With the shoulders brought well back, the child in this position was absolutely helpless, and entirely at the mercy of the old dame, should she be inclined to use the birch or box the ears of any delinquent scholar.

These finger-stocks were also used as a mode of punishment, the children having to stand with their hands fixed in them for an hour or more at a time.

Although they do not look a very formidable method of torture, it only remains for them to be tried to satisfy the inquirer of their efficacy.

The finger-stocks here illustrated are the actual size of the picture. They came from a remote village in Wales and are made of timewood, tied together with old brown ribbon.

Years of Animals.

If scientists are to be trusted, it is a mistake to suppose that the lives of animals are peaceful and happy.

Worms are in constant terror of birds. The smaller birds are never free from dread of hawks, or owls or cats. Cats are afraid, not only of their ancient enemy, the dog, but of the wicked small boy who throws stones. Dogs are afraid of one another and in mortal terror of crows.

Horses are haunted by the swish of the whip. Sheep appear to suffer from a constant preoccupation of the butcher. Sheep are tortured by the expectation of being swallowed by the mackerel and mackerel are always expecting the same fate at the jaws of a shark. Almost every living thing is afraid of mortal terror of crows.

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BUILDING A FORTUNE.

ROMANTIC FOUNDING OF THE GREAT GOETZEST ESTATE.

The Death of Ogden Goetz, one of New York's Multi-Millionaires Recalls the Career of His Shrewd Huguenot Ancestor—Innumerable Land Interests.

The death in Europe, of Ogden Goetz, who it may not separate the vast estate which came to him in part through his great Uncle Peter, nevertheless, may die in two years what is even an individual reading, based at present on \$100,000 and \$150,000.

Now, the late Astor said, it was the size of the proportion of the real estate in cities in New York city, it would not be a residence, the size of the Astor's is not a residence, the size of the various possessions of the family held on to their real estate and added to its extent. But, unlike the Astor, the size of the Goetz estate has added at the principle of constant improvement, and the result is that its buildings are now notable because as a rule they represent the best types of modern buildings.

Romance in wealth, as invested in land and houses, is by no means unique to New York. But the foundation of the vast property which came together under Peter Goetz was established under peculiarly romantic circumstances.

The history of the Edict of Nantes is one of the most interesting episodes in the chronicles of France. The sturdy, God-fearing, trading Huguenots, driven to desperation by the decree of Louis, made all sorts of efforts to escape from what they then deemed their cursed country.

Among the thousands of families was that of the Goetzes, who were stopped at the borders of the low countries and sent back. Only one member of it, Jean, escaped the French officers, and he came to this country in 1683. He was welcomed to New York almost as a hero. He was personally attractive, of admirable address, and excellent education. He knew English and soon made himself something of a social factor in the little colony.

He fell in love with, and married the daughter of John Cannon, a merchant, in 1687, and with her came a considerable fortune. It was the turning of the tide for the young Frenchman. Accepted as a partner by his father-in-law, he finally became one of the well known merchants of the colony. The children resulting from the marriage were thrifty and added to the wealth which was left by the Huguenot merchant.

Jean's grandson, Peter, had inherited a considerable amount of real estate from his father, and, true to the inherited passion of the race, he, too, became a merchant. It was then just before the Revolutionary war. He had a big hardware store in Hanover Square, New York, then the largest store of its kind in the colony, and when the raid was made at the beginning of hostilities and the statue of the King was melted in Bowling Green his store was attacked for powder and arms.

Peter, the uncle of Ogden Goetz, was one of the sons. He it was who in excitement a few years ago by her peculiar dress, and who is widely known, possesses a medal of honor for services rendered during the war. The records show that trade no longer offered the greatest opportunity for the accumulation of wealth. He saw that New York was certain to become one of the greatest cities, if not the greatest city, in the world.

The real estate in the lower part of the city, which had been left to him, where it was off the thoroughfare of traffic, he traded or sold. His desire was for holdings in Broadway, which already indicated its future. He loaned money on property in the district, then away out of town, but now immediately about Portia and Fifth streets. He encouraged builders to come to him for loans, and then when there was a failure on their part to meet their indebtedness he would secure the property by virtue of his loans on it.

The so-called Goetz farm did not consist of unbroken property. It was chiefly located in the parts of the city already mentioned. At that time Mr. Goetz owned most of the land on which the Grand Central Station and its approaches lie. Commodore Vanderbilt approached the shrewd speculator and made him an offer for it. Mr. Goetz laughed at the offer.

"Very well," Commodore Vanderbilt is quoted as saying, "that property pleases me very much and I intend to have control of it."

Again Mr. Goetz laughed, but the railway king went to the Legislature and succeeded in having an act passed condemning the property for railway purposes. Mr. Goetz never completely forgave Commodore Vanderbilt for this, though the real estate magnate always referred to the railway king with profound respect as the only man who had ever gotten the best of Peter Goetz.

The craze for sensation was never more aptly illustrated than at Carlisle, Pa., where nearly a thousand people gathered to witness the twin sons of P. A. Dick trying in one coffee, and 165 carriages composed the funeral cortège.

A Missouri locomotive recently ran 100 miles solely to carry a bag of medicine. A physician broke his leg and lockjaw followed, the medicine he had had to be brought from that distance, and time meant life.

A man died recently in a town not far from Philadelphia with the remarkable record of having been injured twenty-five times in railroad accidents. Some of his injuries were very serious, yet he lived to a good old age and died from natural causes.

Thousands of little worms live in the rabbit and when a dog eats him they doge themselves under the dog's tongue and often drive him mad with pain. Great tumors are raised on the backs of sheep and cattle by parasites which bore under the skin. Even crocodiles suffer from never ending toothache, caused by a little beast that lodges in his jaws.

In fact, it is as true with regard to animals as of men that there is no peace for them on earth.

Keep Quiet.

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said: "Ma, can't I speak just one word?"

"You know the rule, Arthur."

"Not one word?"

"No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he had to say.

"Oh, nothing; only Nora put the curtains outside the window to cool, and he eat has been eating them up!"

A RISING YOUNG MAN.

Willie drank a pint of yeast.

"Drank it spite of warning."

"I hope," said he, "this will make me rise early in the morning."

A YANKEE PRIVATEER.

In Action in Which "Long Tom" Did Some Effecting Shooting.

Last one September day in 1814 the Yankee privateer General Armstrong, anchored in the harbor of Fayal, a port in the Azores. The new young captain on her deck, Samuel Chester Reid, had a fighting reputation to sustain for his vessel and one to make for himself. Although new to the sea, he had always sailed a merchantman and was his first cruise as a privateer.

As night closed in the British measured, carrying 126 guns and 2,000 men, entered the harbor. One British frigate, anchored within pistol-shot of the privateer and her crew, opened fire.

Seeing four broadsides loaded with men, Reid opened on them with his number of Chinese in the city.

The whole market presents a very strong and favorable market for the sale of goods.

With the goods, business has been

small except in the way of deliveries.

These are done in a general way, and give an active tone to the market.

When the weather is favorable, the market is very active.

All kinds of cotton goods are in demand and are sold more freely by the month.

There are many cotton goods in the market.

With the cotton goods, there is a

large number of Chinese in the city.

There are many Chinese in the city.

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**FOR PORTSMOUTH
AND
PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.**

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local papers combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, FEB. 10, 1899.

Agninaldo doesn't resemble George Washington as much as he did, eh?

If any Americans have been furnishing money to Agninaldo, hang 'em!

We have yet to receive from Admiral Dewey the tidings of a repulse to American arms.

Senior Agninaldo resembles, or will resemble the chap that thawed out a stick of dynamite.

"There may have been an exchange of shots," said Agninaldo, as he made a speech for Canada.

To our Canadian cousins: Kindly throw Agninaldo into the St. Lawrence, and charge him to the White Man's Burden.

General Shafter has written all about it for the Century, and the most interesting points in his article are the points he didn't touch on.

It is interesting to note what a strong bond of love has been formed by several democratic papers, for General Miles. Not many months ago they were calling him all sorts of names.

In consideration of his great love for our holy cause, Leader Bryan has consented to talk to our united forces, at St. Paul, for \$500. But our united forces are not infested with five-hundred-dollar bills.

The suggestion of the Concord Monitor that a sword be presented by the state to Commander Asa Walker of the U. S. S. Concord at Manila, is a good one. The house and senate could easily appropriate a sufficient sum.

The act of the house of representatives in repealing the nuisance act and the moiety clause will relieve the statute books of one of the worst features that has ever been allowed to remain. This law served to give spies, who had no other vocation, a chance to secure money from fines collected in liquor cases. The bill should be speedily passed to the governor for his signature.

MAKE HIM ADMIRAL!

Congress cannot too soon act upon Senator Chandler's bill for reviving the grade of admiral and appointing thereto Rear Admiral George Dewey. In its present shape the bill contains two features specially designed to honor our great sailor. It makes the grade of admiral lapsed with his incumbency of it, showing that the reward is for him alone, and it keeps him on the active list ten years beyond the period now allowed by law—a good thing for the country as well as for him. No more universally popular act of congress will go upon the statute book.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The U. S. S. Alliance has received orders to sail on Wednesday of next week for Newport.

The remains of Chief Machinist McGrath are being prepared for shipment to Portsmouth, Va.

It already begins to look as though Chief Constructor Hitchborn's order that the U. S. S. Hia be sent here for repairs had been side-tracked and the vessel sent to Pensacola instead.

Chief Engineer W. G. Buehler, U. S. N., has returned from a trip to Philadelphia and Washington. He left here to accompany his wife to the family home near Philadelphia, where they will reside after March.

All forms of soreness, boils, pimples and eruptions, are quickly and permanently cured by Hood's Balsam.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—All that General Otis had to report to the war department today related to the casualties that had occurred so far among our troops. Matters in Luzon are now in a state of apparent quiet, and one of the officers who knows as well as anyone what is going on said this afternoon that he did not expect to hear of important developments in the Philippines for the next three or four days. Secretary Alger said today that if General Miller had been ordered to make a landing at Iloilo the order must have been given by General Otis and not from Washington. The impression prevails, however, that this movement is already under way and it would not be surprising that if in the next few days it had been executed. Admiral Dewey was heard from this morning to the effect that he had found it necessary to clear out all armed insurgents at a little village which commanded the land approaches to his naval station at Cavite. The action was thoroughly approved at the navy department.

THE NEW YORK POISONING CASE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The inquiry into the cause of the death of Kate J. Adams, who died after taking bromo seltzer containing mercury, which had been sent through the mails to Mr. Harry S. Cornish, physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic club, was begun before Coroner Hart today. Cornish was the first witness and his testimony occupied the entire day. According to District Attorney Gardner, who was present at the inquiry for a brief period, and who was represented by Assistant District Attorney Osborne, Cornish's evidence was not entirely satisfactory nor as complete as had been expected. The district attorney said at the close of the hearing: "Chief Mc Clusky has copies of statements made by Cornish. I understand that Cornish today evaded some of the questions and that he quibbled on others. The fact that Cornish gave Mrs. Adams the poison is in evidence and it behoves him to clear his own skirts."

THE NUISANCE ACT REPEALED.

CONCORD, Feb. 9.—The house spent another day in debate on the liquor question today, and the result was the repeal of the nuisance act, so called, under which for the past twelve years injunctions have been obtained against owners of buildings in which the sale of liquor, contrary to law, had been carried on. The test vote was 171 to 128. Other bills passed were the following:

To extend and continue the charter of the Amoskeag savings bank, to provide a new ward for the city of Manchester; to prevent the adulteration of candy, and to incorporate the Hudson, Pelham and Salem electric railroad. The senate passed the bill to allow towns and cities to appropriate money for free beds in hospitals.

JEFFRIES AND FITZSIMMONS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Representatives of Jeffries and Fitzsimmons met tonight and arranged for a fight between the two men. The articles will be signed tomorrow. The fight is to take place before the club offering the largest purse not later than May 28th.

SHARKEY AND MITCHELL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Tom Sharkey and Charlie Mitchell have been matched to meet in a twenty-round bout before the Boiling Brook club, London, for a purse of \$11,000 on May 29th.

BIG FIRE IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—Fire today swept

Annual Sales over \$6,000,000. Some

BEECHAMS PILLS

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fulness, After meals, Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness, Blockage of the Stomach, Cold Chills, Distress and Sore, Frightful Dreams and Nervous and Trembling Sensations.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAMS PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system and cure Sick Headache. For a Weak Stomach

Impaired Digestion

Disordered Liver

in Women, Women or Children

Beecham's Pills are

Without a Rival

and have the

LARGEST SALE
of any Patent Medicine in the World.
Buy at all Drug Stores.

BRONCHITIS.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

A Dangerous Malady that Leads to Serious Complications.

We Know of a Remedy That Will Conquer it.

Vinol, New Tonic Reconstructor We Recommend, Having Thoroughly Tested it.

So Sure are We That Vinol Will Cure Bronchitis That We Guarantee Its Action.

If You Take Vinol, and Are Not Satisfied That it Has Helped You, We Will Return Your Money.

Vinol is Better Than Other Forms of Cod Liver Oil, and a Superior Remedy.

We Can Endorse Vinol, Because it is a Bona-Fide Medical Discovery and Not a Patent Medicine.

Bronchitis is altogether too prevalent in this climate. Bronchitis often ends fatally unless specially cared for in its early stages. Frequently bronchitis is a forerunner of consumption.

No one should take the risk of letting this disease develop into a stage where it is incurable. There is no necessity of suffering from bronchitis when Vinol, Wine of Cod Liver Oil, exists.

We know what we are talking about when we recommend Vinol. It is a genuine medical discovery, that has been thoroughly tested, and found to be in every case all that we claim for it. It owes its virtues to the fact that it contains the active curative principles found in the cod's liver in a condensed state. Come to us, and we will convince you in a very few minutes how delicious Vinol is.

If you are not satisfied that all we claim for Vinol is true, we will give you your money back. This is a reasonable, fair offer, and one you should not let pass. Do not fail to come and call on us at once, and let us tell you all we know about this new tonic rebuilding.

ANDREW P. PRESTON.

through the block of buildings oppo-

site Battery park, bounded by Front, Whitehall, South and Moore streets,

and destroyed thirteen buildings,

causing a loss of about \$700,000.

One fireman, who was overcome in one of the buildings and was being brought down a ladder, slipped from the arms of a comrade and fell to the ground, fracturing his skull. Several firemen were overcome by smoke and cold. One hundred and fifty girls employed in the bagging factory of Messrs. Walter and Ball on Front street became panic stricken and a score of them on the first floor were cut off by the smoke, but all were rescued.

LIKELY TO CAUSE TROUBLE.

VALPARAISO, CHILI, Feb. 9.—A des-

patch today from Bolivia says that

one thousand Indians recently sur-

rounded the Corocoro Mining Works,

which is the property of Chile, and sacked the houses.

The manager of the works, his

wife and an official tried to escape but

failed. Upon the refusal of the Indian

to accept their offer of \$3000 to spare

their lives the manager shot his wife

and the official and then committed

suicide. The incident is likely to cause

trouble between the Bolivian and Chil-

ian governments.

SUMMER RESIDENCE BURNED.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 9.—The sum-

mer residence of the Misses Ida M.

and Ellen F. Mason of Boston, on Rhode

Island, were burned tonight; loss

\$35,000.

WASHINGTON TOURS, \$23.

Including side trip to Mount Vernon

and Alexandria, under the personally

conducted tourist system of the Penn-

sylvania Railroad, leaving Boston Janu-

ary 23, February 6 and 27, March 13

and April 3, 10 and 24. Seven days,

\$23. Side trip to Old Point Comfort.

Itinerary of D. N. Bell, Tourist Agent,

205 Washington Street, Boston.

RICH GOLD LODES.

GREAT OPPORTUNITIES IN ALASKA FOR YOUNG AND ENERGETIC MEN.

Opinions About the New Eldorado Ex-

pressed by General Dufield of the

Coast Survey—A Missionary Who Won't

Let His Converts Touch the Gold.

General Dufield, of the United States

coast and geodetic survey is of the

opinion that Alaska presents great op-

portunities for young and energetic

men. He has spent considerable time

in the territory, at different periods,

and knows whereof he speaks, concur-

ring the country. He said to a reporter

on the subject of the gold fields:

"The recent reports in regard to

the richness of the finds on Stewart

river confirm exactly my theory in

regard to that particular locality. I

have contended all along that Stewart

river was one of the best in that coun-

try on which to prospect for one rea-

son in particular. This is that when

ever there is the largest watershed

there will be the greatest amount of gold

to be found. It is washed down by the

water into the bed of the streams. A

glance at the Stewart river, which is

northwest of the Klondike, in the

Northwest territory, shows that the

river is the outlet for an immense wa-

A MONTANA FREAK.

A WOMAN WHO HAD SIX HUSBANDS DESPITE HER BEARD.

She Shaved Every Morning to Suppress Her Undesired Virile Adornments—She Might Have Grown Rich Exhibiting Herself But Died a Pauper.

With the death of Mrs. Julia Hamilton the bearded woman at the County Farm at Great Falls, Mont., a book of romance is closed and all debts have been canceled. During her eight years' residence there probably not over a hundred people knew that Mrs. Hamilton's first duty every morning was to shave and thus a growth of beard as luxuriant as man ever wore was kept from the world's view.

Deserted and alone, with not a crust of bread in her house, the old lady was found a few weeks ago by her neighbors. She was ill and had not shaved for several weeks and had a beard three inches long, covering her chin and sides of her face. She was taken to the County Hospital, where she passed away, and was buried by the county. Just before her death she told that during her life she had been married six times and each of her husbands had deserted her.

She went to Great Falls about eight years ago from Vermont. In the fall of 1888, R. C. Adams, an old Grand Army man, decided that he wanted a wife. He advertised in Heart and Hand, a Chicago matrimonial publication and among his answers was one from the woman who has just died. Photos were exchanged and Adams sent money to bring her on. On her arrival Adams discovered that she was not the original of the picture and after her long trip had quite a growth of whiskers. He refused point blank to marry her.

Several old timers, learning of the strange woman's predicament, went to Adams and gave him just so many hours to have the ceremony performed. He obeyed, and they were made one at the Ulm House. A few months later Adams jumped his claim and has never since been heard of. He left her some property, and a few years later she met and married a man named Hamilton. Her wedded life again was short, for in a few months Hamilton deserted her and is now in the West.

Of late years her income had been meager, and at times county aid was necessary. She had been in the County Hospital about a month. After Hamilton deserted her she is credited with the remark, "The last husband gone," and later explained that she was married four times in Vermont.

Her Hand Was Saved.

William Lorts, who was conductor on the Union Pacific passenger train which recently ran off a bridge near Byers, Col., relates an incident of the wreck that closely trends upon the horrible. "The chair car," says Mr. Lorts, "was on end in the water. After we had carried the injured passengers out and were about to abandon the car I heard faint groans. I took my lantern and climbed down into the car. I found a woman with her head just above the water. I got assistance and tried to lift her out, but she was fast, and we could not move her. I discovered that she was held fast by her hand between two seats. I called for an axe and told her I would have to cut her hand off to save her life, as the car was sinking fast. She looked at me piteously, but said nothing. I took off my coat and put it over her, so she could not see the cruel blows with the axe. Then she commenced to beg me not to chop off her arm. By pure accident I found a piece of iron down in the water, and with this I managed to pry the seats far enough apart to release her. It was the heaviest lifting of my life. We carried her off the car, and as we reached safety the car sank from sight. Two seconds later and we would all have been drowned."

Victoria and the Scotchman.

Queen Victoria was once informed by the manager of her Shaw farm that a Scottish farmer was a breeder of superior collie dogs, and she thereupon expressed a wish to possess one of them. Accordingly, the farmer borrowed two beautiful dogs, and her majesty gave orders that the next time he came to the farm he should immediately be taken up to the castle. The farmer was somewhat uneasy as to how he should comport himself in the presence of royalty, and the manager put him through his facings. At last the fateful day arrived, and he was ushered into the presence of the queen. Her majesty shook hands with him and said: "I have to thank you for the two beautiful collies you sent me!" And to this gracious remark the farmer replied: "Touts, touts, wumman! hand yer tongue! What's the maitter o' a pair o' dowses between you and me?"

Fast Bicycling Pays.

Bicycle racers are engaged in a profitable business. Linton is said to have saved and invested over \$25,000 within the past two years. Jacqueline, now a private in the French army, rides in his dogcart from station to barracks, while his officers are forced to walk, and Taylor, the newest of Paris racing wonders, absolutely declines, through his secretary, to consider an offer of less than \$500 to appear in a race.

A President's Domesticity.

President Faure created a commotion recently in Paris by driving about with a nurse and baby in the seat usually occupied by his aid. It was then learned that his married daughter had given birth to a son three weeks before.

Precaution Against Poisoning.

As a precaution against accidental poisoning the German government has passed a law requiring all drugs intended for internal use to be put in round bottles, and those which are only used externally to be placed in hexagonal bottles.

Bank of England Silver.

Dumont Clark, president of the American Exchange bank of New York has received as a present a silver model of the Bank of England, complete in every detail and correct in proportions—a perfect fac-simile miniature of the famous building.

A FATAL OVERSIGHT.

Col. Digger, one of the Kipling's most genial and popular multi-millionaires, was as pale as a ghost.

The mercury was lower in the thermometer than the price of silver in New York, and the wind had blown the cold-wave flag full of holes.

The colonel sat alone in the gilt-edged library of his more than palatial mansion, and there was the look of expectancy in his eye, which comes to those who may mount upward to the skies or sink to the abyssal depths of the darkest despair, depending entirely upon what the news may be that he is expecting.

For sometime he sat as stunned, but this could not endure, and shaking himself as if he would throw off the burden of his doubt, he arose to his feet and strode toward the hall, where over the door hung the antlered head of that mighty caribou which had mastered the Yukon for a dozen years.

At the portals of the entrance the colonel met Mrs. Digger, who had but at that moment emerged from the ceiling of the mansion.

For an instant they looked into each other's eyes and the colonel spoke.

"Well," he said, with ill-suppressed emotion, "well, how many barrels did you find?"

"They are all gone, Henry," replied the trembling woman. "We used the last of the last one last night."

Col. Digger clutched at his heart as if a fatal pain had caught him there, and he gasped like a stricken giant as he spoke.

"We are lost!" he shrieked; "irretrievably lost!" There isn't a pound of feed in town, and those fool clerks of mine made a mistake and shipped fifteen barrels of pickled pork to the San Francisco mint instead of the fifteen barrels of gold dust they ought to have shipped. Fools, fools, that they were!" he raved, and his wife sought to comfort him, but the millionaire refused to be comforted, for his soul was above the dross of gold and he had begun to realize what true worth was.

Those Foolish Questions.



Swipey—Hey, Chimmy, wot ye doin', mokin'?
Chimmy—Naw, I'm washin' my feet.

Nearly an Elopement.

It was a dark night. Slowly down the marble steps into the garden stole a lithe figure of perhaps 24 pounds. In her hands she carried a small parcel. It was a Saratoga trunk. She was clad only in garments, with the exception of her hat and shoes and stockings. She glanced carefully around, and seeing no one, she took a step forward.

"Ah, ha! Foiled!" It was a deep cry of triumph. A large man of 5 feet 3 inches sprang from the bushes and seized the maiden. In spite of her struggles he bore her into the house, a glow of victory in his eyes.

Was it a stern parent ruthlessly preventing his daughter's elopement?

No. It was a calm suburban citizen, and he was preventing his new cool from jumping her job.

Unsatisfactorily Answered.

Five-year-old Dickey had been instructed that whenever he wanted anything he should pray for it.

He had prayed long and earnestly for a bicycle, but his father thinking he was too young to ride one, had bought him a tricycle. When he awoke, on the morning of his birthday, and found the three-wheeler by his bedside, he was disgusted.

"Doesn't the Lord know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?" he whimpered.

The Hedge Doctor.

A "hedge doctor," a kind of a quack in Ireland, was being examined at an inquest on his treatment of a patient who had died.

"I gave him ipecacuanha," he said. "You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Indade, yer honor, and that's just what should have given him next if he hadn't died."

Dreadful Suspense.

"Well, dear, how did the election go?" asked Mrs. Cumso, when her husband returned home after waiting for the returns on the night of the general election of 1900.

"It's awfully close," replied Cumso. "It will take the official returns from Hawaii to decide it, and there is no cable communication with that portion of the United States."

Talent.

Congress gettin' ready
Fur to make a stand,
Legislatures meetin'
All around the land.

Young men makin' speeches,
Boys a-studyin' law;
Girls learn elocution
So's to jine in the hurrah.

Who could be distrustful,
Losin' sleep at night.
With all them folks in trainin'
Fur to run the country right?

OLD QUANAH PARKER

THE BIG CHIEF OF THE COMANCHEES A REMARKABLE REDSKIN.

He is the Richest and Most Civilized of American Indians—His Mother a White Girl Who Was Stolen by the Savages.

Quanah Parker, the big chief of the Comanchees, who was crimsonly reported murdered by an outlaw in the southwest, only to be found alive and well at Sherman, Tex., is the richest and in many respects the most civilized of American Indians. He is the principal chief of his tribe, and lives in a \$6,000 house in the midst of a large cattle ranch, over which range thousands of fine cattle and hundreds of well-bred horses. He has seven wives and a very large family of children. Few of his children are students at the Carlisle, Pa., Indian school, and Parker recently paid a visit to that institution and was very much interested in its work.

For sometime he sat as stunned, but this could not endure, and shaking himself as if he would throw off the burden of his doubt, he arose to his feet and strode toward the hall, where over the door hung the antlered head of that mighty caribou which had mastered the Yukon for a dozen years.

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He was, and not long ago, in Crete, when a man right across his wife, it appeared likely to add too many quivers to his bow, and in this, if husband and wife wished to part for any reason whatever, all they need do was to adjourn to some public place, and in the presence of onlookers tear a strip of cloth in two. In Morocco it is not fashionable to be attached too long to any particular wife, and a man's social position may be gauged by the number of wives he has divorced. It is quite common for a man to have married and parted from a score of wives before he has reached the age at which the average Englishman thinks it prudent to marry.

In France, during the "time of terror," the daring experiment was tried of allowing divorces at will and without any assigned cause. The result was disastrous or happy, according to the point of view; for within a year 4,000 couples agreed to part in Paris alone, and within a short time there were actually more divorces than marriages every year.

In Japan it is an oblique-eyed beauty gives too much rein to her tongue, "off she goes," to learn that a discreet reticence is a virtue in a wife.

In Germany if the wife uses her husband's purse too freely he can keep the purse to himself and bid her go, while he looks out for a fraude of simpler tastes.

In Australia a man can divorce a wife who is too fond of her cups, or rather glasses; and no Chinaman is called upon to tolerate a shrew.

From the oldest times divorce has been in some countries almost as simple a matter as untying a shoelace.

In ancient Rome a man who wearied of his wife could free himself by the simple process of telling her to go.

In biblical history, too, we learn that Abraham divorced Hagar by providing her bread and a bottle of water and sending her away.

"Well?"

"The boy called me at 8:45. I had absolutely forgotten that \$5 worth of jokes—and there you are."—Boston Budget.

Remarkable Rat Story.

For the benefit of marines the London Field has revived a remarkable rat story, to the effect that a rat was caught alive on board a British naval vessel in a trap, and the beast was thrown from the trap into the water without being killed. A large gull that was following in the wake of the ship to pick up scraps of food thrown overboard by the steward stopped several times, endeavoring to pick the rat up. Once the bird got too close to the rat's jaws and the beast grabbed it by the neck. After a short fight the rat succeeded in killing the bird.

When the gull was dead, the rat scrambled upon the bird's body, and, hoisting one wing as a sail and using the other as a rudder, succeeded in steering for the shore. Whether the rat reached shore or not is the question, since the ship soon got out of sight of the skipper and its craft.

Painted on His Hand.

Two officers of the San Francisco Chinatown squad entered a store where they supposed lottery tickets were sold. They noticed a Chinaman make a peculiar movement and close his hand tightly. When the hand was forced open it was found that a marked ticket was painted on the palm.

The man was taken to the California street station and Gong Dong, the police interpreter, said it was a perfectly marked ticket. Since the squad has pushed the ticket vendors so closely they are compelled to use every subterfuge possible, and in this case it is supposed that the man was afraid of being seen writing on paper, so he had a fac-simile ticket on his hand.

When a purchaser came he would mark the hand and then go to his room, where he would make a ticket to correspond with it.

What Italy's King Gives.

King Humbert's generosity in charitable works is said to be fabulous. A petition hardly ever remains without an answer. His Majesty spontaneously gives presents to those persons to whom he does not wish to grant subsidies. These presents are generally of two kinds—a golden clock with the royal arms or a brooch set in diamonds.

His jeweler supplies him each year with five hundred clocks and one thousand brooches. King Humbert never goes to the theater save on the occasion of an official solemnity. He says that he finds no pleasure in artificial life. "I play a part every day," he says, "in the political and official comedy. What can the other comedians teach me?"—Rome Letter.

Foreign Cardinals.

Cardinal di Rende's death, according to the London Table, has made the number of foreign cardinals greater than that of the Italian for the second time within twelve months. There are now thirty-one of the former to thirty of the latter, a state of things which, until within a few years, has not occurred for many centuries.

Production of Pins.

The largest pin factory in the world is at Birmingham where 37,000,000 pins are manufactured every working day. All the other pin factories together turn out about 19,000,000 pins every day.

Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000, every fourth person must lose a pin every day to keep up the production of pins per day.

Numerous Tribes.

There are at least two kinds of fool in this world—those who have their initials pricked into their heads or arms, and those who carve their names in the woodwork in public places.

STOP CHEWING.

In China there is no regular standard of distance, a Chinese mile may be from a quarter of an English mile to a mile and three-quarters, according to the province.

Indian Income Tax.

The income tax in India is levied on all incomes of \$105 and upward, and then only one man in 700 comes within its scope.

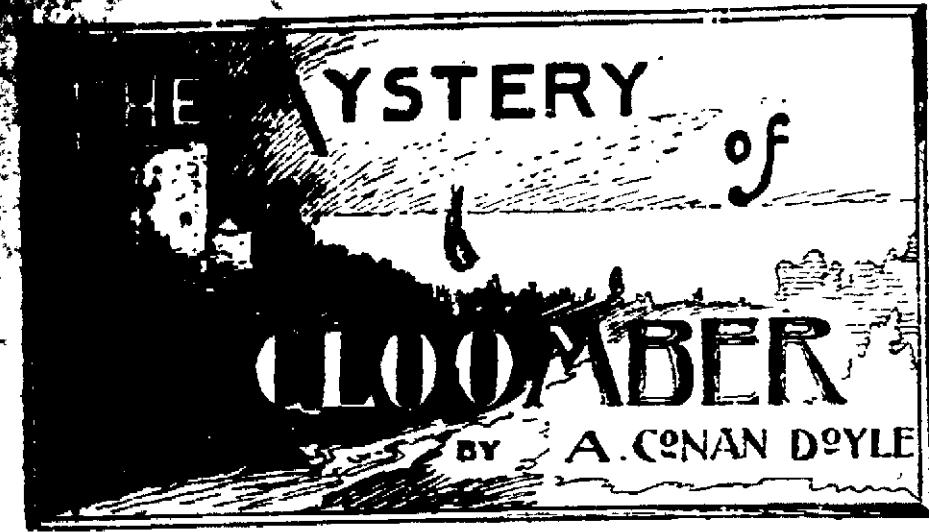
The Ceylon Silk Spider.

On June 23, the sheriff of Salt Lake City appointed as his deputy a young woman, Miss Clara Ferguson.

She is a Deputy Sheriff.

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She is a Deputy Sheriff.



CHAPTER VIII.
STATEMENT OF ISRAEL STAKES.

(Copied and authenticated by the Rev. Mathew Clark, Presbyterian minister of Stoneykirk, in Wigtonshire.)

Maister Fothergill West and the minister say that I maun tell all I can about General Heatherstone and his ause, but that I maunna' say muckle aboot myself' because the readers wouldna' care to hear about me or my affairs. I am no sur' of that, for the Stake is a family weel kenned and respected on baith sides o' the border, and there's mony in Nithsdale and Annandale as would be gey pleased to hear news o' the son o' Archie Stake, o' Ecclefechan. I maun even do as I can, however, for Mr. West's sake, hoping he'll no forget me when I chance to ha'e a favor tae ask. I'm no able tae write myself' because my faither sent me out to scare crows instead o' sending me tae school, but on the ither hand he brought me up in the preinciples and practice o' the real Kirk o' the Covenant, for which may the Lord be praised!

It was last May twel'month that the factor body, Maister McNeil cam over tae me in the street and spreed whether I was in want o' place as a coachman and gardiner. As it fell out I chanced tae be on the look out for something o' the sort myself' at the time, but I wasna' ower quick to let him see that I wanted it. "Ye can tak it or leave it," says he sharplike. "It's a guid place, and there's mony would be glad o' it. If ye want it ye can come up tae my office at twa the morn and put your ain questions tae the gentleman." That was a' I could get frae him, for he's a close man and a hard one at bargain—which shall profit him little in the next life, though he lay by a store o' siller in this. When the day comes there'll be a hantle o' factors on the left hand o' the throne, and I shoudna' be surprised if Maister McNeil found himself' amang them.

Well, on the morn I gaed up to the office and there I found the factor and a lang thin doon man wi' gray hair and a face as from and crinkled as a walnut. He looked hard at me wi' a pair o' e'en that glowed like two spunks, and then he says, says he, "You've been born in these pairts, I understand?"

"Aye," says I, "and never left them neither."

"Never been out o' Scotland?" he speaks.

"Twice to Carlisle fair," says I, for I am a man wha loves the truth; and besides I kenned that the factor would mind my gaeing there, for I bargained for twa steers and a sif' that he wanted for the stockin' o' the Drumclough farm.

"I learn frae Maister McNeil," says General Heatherstone—for him it was and name ither, "that ye canna' write."

"Na," says I.

"Nor read?"

"Na," says I.

"It seems tae me," says he, turnin' tae the factor, "that this is the vera man I want. Servants is spoilt noo-a-days," says he, "by ower muckle education. I have nae doobt, Stake, that ye will suit me well enough. Ye'll ha'e three pund a month and a' found, but I'll still rassairve the right o' givin' ye twenty-four hours' notice at any time. How will that suit ye?"

"It's vera different frae my last place," says I, discontented-like. And the words were true enough, for auld Fairmer Scott only gave me a pund a month and parrich twice a day.

"Weel, weel," says he, "maybe we'll gie ye a rise if ye suit. Meanwhile here's the hansei shillin' that Maister McNeil tells me it's the custom we give, and I shall expec' tae see ye at Clooaber on Monday."

When the Monday cam round I walked out tae Clooaber and a great muckle boose it is wi' a hundred windows or mair, and space eneugh tae hide awa' half the parish. As the gardening there was no gaider for me tae work at, and the horse was never taken out o' the stables fras' week's end tae week's end. I was buisy enough for a' that, for there was a deal o' fencing tae be put up and one thing or anither, forbye cleanin' the knives and brusbin' the boots and such like jobs as is mair fit for an auld wife than for a grown man. There was twa beside myself' in the kitchen, the cook Eliza, and Mary the housemaid, puri' benighted things baith o' them, wha had wasted a' their lives in Lunnon, and kenned little aboot the world or the ways o' the flesh. I hadn't muckle to say to them for they were simple folk wha could scarce understand English, and had hardly mair regard for their ain souls than the tods on the moor. When the cook said she didn't think muckle o' John Knox, and the ither that she wouldn't gie sixpence tae hear the discourse o' Maister Donald McNeil o' the true Kirk, I knowed it was time for me tae leave. There was a higher Judge.

There was four in the family, the general, my leddy, Maister Mordaunt and Mrs. Galloway, and it wasn't lang before I found that it wasn't just fit for it should be. My leddy was as

thin and as white as a ghaist, and mony's the time as I've come on her and found her yammerin' and greetin' all by herself'. I've watched her walkin' up and doon in the wood where she thought nae could see her and wringin' her honds like ones demented. There was the young gentleman tae the and his sister—the baith seemed to ha'e some trouble on their minds, and the general maist o' a', for the ither were up an' down an' doon; but he was aye the same, wi' a face as dour and sad as a felon when he feels the tow roond his neck. I spered o' the hussies in the kitchen whether they kenned what was amiss wi' the family, but the cook answered me back that it wasn't for her fae inquire into the affairs o' her superiors and that it was naething to her as long as she did her work and had her wages. They were puri' feckless bodies, the twa o' them, and would scarce gie an answer tae a ceevil question though they could clack loud enough when they had a mind.

Well, weeks passed into months and things grew waur instead o' better in the Hall. The general he got mair hairious, and his leddy mair melancholy every day, and yet there wasn't any quarrel or bickering between them for when they've been together in the breakfast room I used often tae gang round and prune the rose tree along side o' the window, so that I couldn't help hearin' a great pairt o' their conversation, though sair against the grain. When the young folk were wi them they would speak little, but when they had gone they would aye talk as if some waefu' trial were about to fa upon them, though I could never gather from their words what it was that they were afraid o'. I've heard the general say mair than ance that he wasn't frightened o' death, or of any danger that he could face and have done wi' but that it was the lang weary waitin' and the uncertainty that had taken a' the strength and the mettle out o' him. Then the leddy would console him and tell him that maybe it wasn't as bad as he thought and that a' would come richt in the end—but a' her cheery words were clean throwed away upon him. As tae the young folk I kenned weel that they didn't bide in the ground, and that they were awa whenever they got a chance wi' Maister Fothergill West tae the Bracksmere, but the general was too fu' o' his ain troubles tae ken about it, and it didn't seem tae me that it was pairt o' my duties either as a coachman or as gardiner tae mind the bairns. He should have learned that if ye forbid a lassie and a laddie to dae anything it's just the surest way o' bringin' it about. The Lord found that out in the gaider o' Paradise, and there's no muckle change between the faimowans and the folk in Wigton.

There's ane thing that I havena' spoke about yet, but that should be set doon. The geneal didn't share his room wi' his wife, but slept a' alone in a chamber at the far end o' the house as distant as possible frae every ither. This room was aye lockit when he wasn't in it, and nobody was ever allowed the gang into it. He would mak his ain bed, a' red up it and düssit it a' by himself, but he wouldn't se much as allow an' o' us to set fit on the passage that b'ae tae it. At nicht he would walk a' o'er the house, and he had lamps hung in every room and corner, so that no ither should be dark. Mony's the time I ae in my room in the garret I've heard his footsteps com' n and gangin', com' n and gangin' down the pass ge and up an' down the stairs frae midnig, till cockeraw. It was weary wark tae listenin' tae his clatter and words in' whether he was clean daft, or whether maybe he'd learned pagan and delatious tricks oot in India, and tha, his consience noo was like the woor which gnaweth and dieh not. I'd hae speer frae him whether it wouldna' ease him to speak wi' the holy Don Al McShaw, but it might ha' been a mistake, and the general wasna' a man that you'd care tae mak a mistake wi'.

One day I was workin' at the grashedd when he comes up and says says he, "Did ye ever ha'e occasion tae fire a pistol, Israel?"

"Godsakes!" says I. "I never ha'e seen a thing in my hands in my life."

"Then you'd best not begin noo," says he. "Every man tae his aweson," he says. "Now I warrant ye could dae something wi' a grub crabit."

"Aye, could I," I answered bithely as weel as any lay on the bairns."

"This is a lonely hoose," says he, "and we might be molested by some rascals. It's weel tae be ready for whatever may come. Me and you and my son Mordaunt and Mr. Fothergill West o' Branksome, who would come if he was required, ought tae be able to do the show a bauld face—what think ye?"

"Deed, sir," I says, "feastin' is ay better than fechin'—but if ye'll raise me a pund a month, I'll no shirk my

"The old rascal was well paid for his trouble aboot the heel not ha'e made such a favor of it.—J. F. W.

share o' them."

"We won't quarrel ower that," says he, and arrived tae the extra twal punt a year as easy as though it were at many barries. Far be it frae me tae think evil, but I couldn't help surmisin' at the time that money that wasna' rightly painted wi' was maybe in very honesteys can be.

I'm no' a curios or a pryin' man to muckle but I was ever puzzled in my ain mind the tell why it was that the general walked aloot at night; and that he kept him fine sleep. Well, weel, I was cleanin' down the passagies when my eel fell on a great muckle heap o' curtains and soft carpets and sic' like things that were piled away in a corner, but were free the door of the general's room. A' o' sudden a thoch came into my head, and I says tae myself, "Friend, la, 't," says I, "what's this ye frae fru' behind that: this vera night and sootin' the auld man when he dooms' is a human e'e is or him?" The mair I thought o' the man, the more it apair'd, and I made up my mind tae put the idea intae instant execution.

When the night cam roond I tauched the women-folk that I was bad with the jawache, and would gang airyly in my room. I kenned fine when aye got there that there was nae chance o' ony one disturbin' me, so I waited: wee while, and then when a' was quiet I slipped aff my boots and ran down the ither stair until I cam tae the heap o' curtains and clothes, and there I lay down wi' one e'e peepin' through a kink and the rest covered up wi' a great ragged carpet. There I lidded as quiet as a rotten until the general passed me o' his rood tae bed, and a' was still in the kirk within a stone-cast tae fa' back upon.

But it proved tae be ordained that instead o' my saying the word, "It should come frae the general himself".

It was a' day aboot the end o' September, I was comin' oot o' the stable, after glein' its oats tae the horse, when I seed a great muckle loon come hoppin' on ane leg up the drive, mair like a big, ill-faured crow than a man. When I clapped my e'en on him I thought that maybe this was one o' the rascals that the maister had been speakin' aboot, so without mair ado I fetched out my bit stick with the intention o' trying it upon the limmer's head. He seed me comin' toward him, and readin' my intention frae my look maybe, or frae the stick in my hand, he pu'ed out a lang knife frae his pocket and swore wi' the most awfu' oaths that if I didn't stan' back he'd be the death o' me. Ma conscience, the words the chiel used was enough tae mak' the hair stan' straight on your head! I wonder he wasn't struck dead whae he stood. Wee still standin' opposite each ither—he wi' his knife and me wi' the stick—when the general he cam up the drive and found us. Tae my surprise he began tae talk tae the stranger as if he kenned him e'e his days.

"Put your knife in your pocket, corporal," says he. "Your fears have turned your brain."

"Blood and wounds!" says the other. "He'd ha' turned my brain tae some purpose wi' that muckle stick o' his if I hadn't drawn my snickersne. You shouldn't keep siccan auld savage on your premises."

The maister he froend and looked black at him as though he didn't relish advice comin' frae such a source. Then turnin' tae me, "You won't be wanted after to-day, Israel," he says: "you have been a guid servant and I ha' naehting tae complain wi' ye, but circumstances have arisen which will cause me tae change my arrangements."

"Very guid, sir," says I.

"You can go this evening," says he, "and you shall ha'e an extra month's pay tae mak' up tae for this short notice."

"Wi' that he went intae the house, followed by the man that he caed the corporal, and frae that day till this I have never clapped e'en either on the ane or the ither. My money was sent out tae me in an envelope, and havin' said a few partin' words tae the cook and the weach wi' reference tae the wrath tae come and the treasure that is richer than rubies, I shook the dust o' Clooaber frae my feet for ever.

Maister Fothergill West says I maunna' express an opinion as tae what cam about afterward, but maun confine myself' tae what I saw myself'. Nae doobt he has me reasons for this—and far be it frae me tae him that they are no guid anes—but I maun say this, that what happened didn't surprise me. It was just as I expectit, and so I said tae Maister Donald McShaw, "I've taid ye a' about it now and I haven't a word tae add or tae withdraw. I'm muckle oblieged the Maister Mathew Clark for puttin' it a' down in writin' for me, and if there's ony would wish tae speer anything mair o' me I'm well kenned and respektin' in Ecclefechan, and Maister McNeil, the factor o' Wigton, can ay tell where I am tae be found.

I heard the rattle o' the handle pres'ent, and the door swing slowly open. There was a light burnin' in the room beyond, an' I could just catch a glimpse o' what seemed tae me like a row o' swords stuck along the side o' the wall, when the general stepped out and shut the door behind him. He was dressed in a dressin' gown, wi' a red smokin' cap on his head, and a pair o' slippers wi' the heels cut off and the toes turned up. For a moment I cam into my head that maybe he wis walkin' in his sleep, but as he cam toward me I could see the glim o' the light in his e'en, and his face was a twisting as a man that's in sair distress o' mind. On my conscience it lies me the shakes noo when I think o' his tall figure and his yellow face comin' siccan and silent down the lang lone passage. I hand my breath and lay close watchin' him, but just as he cam tae where I was verie hairy I stood still in my bairn, for verie ting."

"Bloodhound!" he yelled; "let me go—let me go. I say! Keep your hands off me. Is it not enough that my life has been ruined? When is it all to end? How long am I to endure it?"

"Hush, dear, hush!" said his wife in a soothin' voice, passing her cool hand over his heated forehead. "This is Doctor Eastling, from Stranraer. He has not come to harm you, but to do you good."

The general dropped wearily back upon his pillow, and I could see by the changed expression of his face that the delirium had left him, and that he understood what had been said. I slipped my clinical thermometer into his armpit and counted his pulse rate. It amounted to 120 per minute, and his temperature proved to be 101 degrees. Clearly it was a case of remittent fever, such as occurs in men who have spent a great part of their lives in the tropics. "There is no danger," I remarked. "With a little quinine and arsenic we shall very soon overcome the attack and restore his health."

"No danger, eh?" he said. "There never is any danger for me. I am as bad as I can be, but I am quite clear in the head now. Mery; so you may leave me with the doctor."

Mrs. Heatherstone left the room unwillingly, as I thought, and I sat down on the bedside to listen to anything which my patient might have to communicate.

"I want you to examine my liver," he said, when the door was closed. "I used to have an abscess there, and Brodie, the staff surgeon, said that it was ten to one that it would carry me off. I have not felt much of it since I left the East. This is where it used to be, just under the angle of the rib."

I have very much pleasure in furnishing Mr. Fothergill West with an account o' my solitary visit to Clooaber Hall, not only on account o' the esteem which I have formed for that gentleman ever since his residence at

Branksome, but also because it is my conviction that the facts in the case of General Heatherstone are o' such a singular nature that it is of the highest importance that they should be placed before the public in a trustworthy manner.

It was about the beginning of September of the year before last that I received a note from Mrs. Heatherstone, of Clooaber Hall, desiring me to make a professional call upon her husband, whose health, she said, had been for some time in a very unsatisfactory manner. I had heard something o' the Heatherstones and o' the strange seclusion in which they lived, so that I was very much pleased at this opportunity of making their closer acquaintance. I had known the Hall in the old days of Mr. McVittie, the original proprietor, and I was astonished on arriving at the avenue gate to observe the changes which had taken place. The gate itself, which used to yawn so hospitably upon the road, was now barred and locked, and a high wooden fence with nails upon the top encircled the whole grounds. The drive itself was leaf-strewn and uncared for, and the whole place had a depressing air of neglect and decay.

I had to knock twice before a servant maid opened the door and showed me through a dingy hall into a small room, where sat an elderly, care-worn lady, who introduced herself as Mrs. Heatherstone. With her pale face her gray hair, her sad, colorless eyes and her faded silk dress, she was in perfect keeping with her melancholy surroundings.

"You find us in much trouble, doctor," she said in a quiet, refined voice. "My poor husband has had a great deal to worry him, and his nervous system for a long time has been in a very weak state. We came to this part of the country in the hope that the bracing air and the quiet would have a good effect upon him. Instead of improving, however, he has seemed to grow weaker, and this morning he is in a high fever and a little inclined to be delirious. The children and I were so frightened that we sent for you at once. If you will follow me I will take you to the general's bedroom."

She led the way down a series of corridors to the chamber of the sick man, which was situated in the extreme wing of the building. It was a carpetless, bleak-looking room, scantily furnished with a small truck bed, a campaining chair, and a plain deal table, on which were scattered numerous papers and books. In the center of this table there stood a large object of irregular outline, which was covered over with a sheet of linen. All round the walls and in the corners were arranged a very choice and varied collection of arms, principally swords, some of which were of the straight pattern in common use in the British army, while among the others were scimitars, tulwars, cuchurries, and a score of other specimens of Oriental workmanship. Many of these were richly mounted with inlaid sheaths and hilts sparkling with precious stones, so that there was a pleasant contrast between the simplicity of the apartment and the wealth which glittered on the walls. I had little time, however, to observe the general's collection, since the general himself lay upon his couch and was evidently in sore need of my services.

He was lying with his head turned half way from us, breathing heavily, and apparently unconscious of our presence. His bright, staring eyes and the deep hectic flush upon his cheek showed that his fever was at its height. I advanced to the bedside, and, stooping over him, I placed my fingers upon his pulse, when immediately he sprang up into the sitting position and struck at me frantically with his clenched hands. I have never seen such intensity of fear and horror stamped upon a human face as appeared upon that which was now glaring up at me.

"They do not appear to derive much benefit from this peculiarity in their organization," I remarked, "but you may find it useful to know that the Tyndalls or Huxleys do about nature's processes, and they can accelerate or retard her workings by subtle means of which we have no conception. These men know more than your Tyndalls or Huxleys do about nature's processes, and they can accelerate or retard her workings by subtle means of which we have no conception. These men

"Merely the benefit of superior knowledge," the general answered. "If you were to go to India, probably the very first thing you would see in the way of amusement would be a native doing what is called the mango trick. Of course you have heard or read of it. The fellow plants a mango seed, and makes passes over it until it sprouts and bears leaves and fruit—in the space of half an hour. It is not really a trick—it is a power. These men know more than your Tyndalls or Huxleys do about nature's processes, and they can accelerate or retard her workings by subtle means of which we have no conception. These men

"They speak as if you were well acquainted with them," I remarked.

"To my cost, I do," he answered. "I have been brought in contact with them in a way in which I trust no other poor devil ever will be. But, really, as regards odyllic force you ought to know something of it, for it has a great future before it in your profession. You should read Reichenbach's 'Researches on Magnetism and Vital Force,' and Gregory's 'Letters on Animal Magnetism.' These, supplemented by the twenty-seven Aphorisms of Mesmer, and the works of Dr. Justus Kerner of Weinsberg, would enlarge your ideas."

